



## The Answer to the King of the Drunkards,

Or, Drunk over-Night, and dry in the  
Morning.

**M**Y name is bold Kelly, a hearty young lad,  
And many a hug of the girls I have had,  
And tho' I have done it, pray where is the harm,  
To be drunk over night and dry in the morn.

I never am stupid when my pockets are empty,  
The pretty young girls they suppy me with plenty,  
Both sack and canary, they call me their darling,  
Drunk over night, and dry in the morning.

To work I'm not willing, and begins to cow,  
And thieving's dishonest, to the females I'll go,  
And if they give me money, pray wher's the harm,  
To be drunk over night, and dry in the morn.

If I to a tavern or alehouse should go,  
With some hearty fellow to pick up a froe,  
If I kick her about till she has got never a farthing,  
Drunk over night, and dry in the morning.

Come all you young fellows that's given to raking,  
Pray take my advice, and ne'er leave off your fra-  
king.

I'd have you save two-pence, take this for a warning,  
Drunk over night, and dry in the morning.

When my money's all gone, and I've got never a  
farthing,

My landlady says there's a well in the garden,  
If I ask for a por, she won't trust me a farthing,  
Drunk over night, and dry in the morning.

